WHERE MONEY FAILED

BY JOHN HABBERTON. Author of "HELEN'S BABIES," Etc.

Oscar Callowson was not a bad fellow; | destination and the passenger; separated. such was the unanimous verdict of men who met him, but the force of the statement was somewhat weakened by the failure of every one to pronounce Callowson a good fellow. It really was hard that no one was sufficiently impressed by the Young man's endeavors to be hospitable and sociable to become enthusiastic about him, for many worse men than Callowson were greeted with hearty handshakes and slaps on the shoulder and followed by more praise than they deserved.

Callowson had done a great deal with the Special purpose of making himself liked by men and women above the class in which he had been born and reared. His father had been keeper of a small store in a town mear the anthracite coal mines of Pennsylvania, and, consuming much of his own stock in the trade, which came from disas common and meanest of his tustomers. One day, however, a barren bit of ground, which the storekeeper had taken from a debtor, was found to be underlaid with a thick vein of coal; the store was promptly closed, and its owner began to draw seventy-five thousand a year as royalties on his mining leases. He tried to drink up his income, failed, after a short but brilliant attempt, and was buried by the side of his wife, leaving Oscar, just come of age, as sole

heir to the paternal estate and stupidity.

The young man, whose education had been obtained at street corners and in stables, with some slight assistance from the village schoolmaster, got much excellent advice from the ex-judge who was executor of his father's estate, and followed it as far as his limited intellect would allow. He cut his old acquainttook a tutor-who was nominally a secretary-and went to Europe, being told that there his money would buy him a better circle of acquaintance than he could hope for at home. As he was not bad-leoking, wore good clothes, and had ser, se enough to be silent regarding subjects, which he did not understand, he had no trouble in finding young fellows of good birth and breeding who would drink his wines, smoke his cigars, and drive behind his horses. They were also so considerate of h's feelings as not to decline the loans which Callowson always offered w'sen he learned that an acquaintance w's "short" or "broke," and they responded by introducing him to all jockeys, act lesses and professional club loungers of their acquaintance, as well as to some sightly persons whom they called ladies, and whom Callowson accepted according to, label.

Yet after the first excitement that came of new scenes and companions had passed away. Callowson began to wonder whether his ploney was bringing him all it should. His father, from a dying bed, had assured him that money would buy anything, and lais father's executor had expressed a similar opinion, yet the young man had not succeeded in getting anything satisfactory for his outlay. He longed most for consideration and friendship, but he got neither; slow-witted though he was regarding most things, the shop-keeper's son had inherited from his father some discernment of human nature, and by the use of this he plainly saw that the people who ate his dinners and borrowed his money cared nothing for him except as they got something from him. He informed himself one day that his tutor-secretary was the only person who did not sometimes eye him as if he were a curiosity; this man, Bridgeley by were a curiosity: this man, Bridgeley by name, was also of finer stuff than any of the fellows whom Callowson was enter-taining. Could it be that money was be-ing expended upon too common a quality of human nature? Bridgeley seemed really grateful for the handsome salary he received; perhaps it would be better thereafter to court— with money, of course, the class to which Bridgeley, if asked, would introduce him freely, for had he not hired the young man. at a large salary, to do all in his power to make Callowson acquainted with the world and its ways! Had he not often seen an expression of disgust on Bridge-ley's face as the two sat at dinner, or lounged in clubs, or drove about with gay parties at summer re-norts — disgust at the language and manner of the well-dressed, vivacious men and women whom Collowson had "picked up?" Naturally enough, Bridge-ley, who was a Harvard graduate and member of a family which was of national reputation, would be glad to exchange the old set for a better one. Perhaps the tutor-secretary would have to use his brains more freely, to make Callowson appear compansionable to a class higher than that in sonable to a class higher than that in which the young man had been moving. but what were his brains for? For sale, of course, otherwise he would not have put them in the tutorship market. Callowson had often heard his father remark that brains were cheaper than dirt; but did not the few acres of dirt which the elder Callowson owned in the anthracite region yield the equivalent of interest on more than a million dollars?

zily for several weeks, wondering how to say discreetly what was on his mind. for Callowson was somewhat in awe of the man whom he secretly regarded as a mere bired servant, the desired opportunity came unexpectedly. On a railway train in England, the two men chanced to be shown into a coach which contained a party whom Bridgeley recognized as old acquaintances. Callowson, although introduced. took little part in the conversation, for it was above his comprehension; the people did not talk at all about actresses, horses or games; they did not recall a single scandal, or allude to the paragraphs in the two or three French papers through which Callowson laboriously stumbled behind locked doors, so as to be able to understand the allusions of his boon com-panions. They chatted about books, paintings, scenery, noted buildings and other subjects which Callowson regarded as utterly flat and dull, yet there was so much spirit in their conversation that the young man could not help admiring the entire party. Soon, however, his admiration concen-

After following this train of thought la-

trated itself on the only young woman of the company-Miss Trent. At first she did not seem to him at all pretty, but as she talked her face became more animated than the feminine faces which he best knew; her eyes, although merry at times, had a glow which was different from that of the girls with whom he sometimes drove and dined, and they seemed all the prettier when they filled with tears as Bridgeley told of the death of an old acquaintance. They occasionally rested on Callowson, too, with an expression entirely unlike that of most women who had looked at him carnestly; there seemed in them a feeling which he could not understand, though it was kindly, unless his judgment of human nature was entirely wrong. Could it be that she was interested in him?-had been "smitten" by him?-was in love with him? He had heard of stranger occurrences; at least he had read of them in the Weekly Romancer, from which, while a boy, he had absorbed most

of his mental pabulum. Before the three hours' journey ended. Callowson informed himself that he was in love-really in love. It was not one of his frequent attacks, such as were brought on by the sight of a shapely figure, a brilliant complexion or the clasp of a little hand which much champagne had made warm and dewy. Miss Trent seemed an angel; he could not imagine himself asking her to drive out somewhere for a little supper; still less could be imagine her rising from the table, on unsteady feet and with finshed cheeks and upraised wine-glass, only to sink suddenly and drop her head upon his shoulder. He had kissed many bot cheeks without being repulsed; now he would willingly suffer any penalty for the honor

"I'm glad to hear you say so," Bridgeley

"You seem to know them very well."
"Oh, yes; we are from the same New Eng-

"I never saw any body like that Miss Trent

"Quite likely," drawled Bridgeley, who, noting a quick turn of his employer's head, continued: "Very few people have seen her equal. She is one of the all-round women who occasionally are met unexpectedly in this world-women who know

"Her education must have cost a great deal camoney," remarked Callowson, after estimating her attainments by the only standard he knew.

"H'm-perhaps, though I think not, she's an orphan, and there never was any money to spare in the family. She's on her way back to America, to teach school at \$800 a

"You don't mean it!" exclaimed Callowson, with more earnestness than Bridgeley had ever before known him to express. of young ones, for so little money?"

Bridgeley did not reply, and Callowson fell to thinking anew about the cheapness of brains. He had slyly compared notes with some of his new companions regarding the expense of tutors and secretaries.

and he had found one young fellow who and the magazines by speeches and reviews prepared for him by his secretary, an Oxford graduate, whose salary was not half as large as Bridgeley's. That seemed right enough—for men, for did not these fellows have many a good dinner, bottle and "lark" at the expense of their amples. and "lark" at the expense of their employers? Did they not hear many luscious stories which they never could have extracted from their own solemn brains? But with a woman such things were different—the idea of Miss Trent's brains having a market price, and being dissipated
upon a lot of cubs such as he had associated with in school—why, it was awful.
And yet Callowson felt a thrill of delight, not unmixed with guilt, as he realzed that Miss Frent's brains really were for sale, for with them must go their owner. Only \$500 a year! He would cheerfully out-

bid that country school board ten times over—yes, nearly a hundred times. In the short time during which he had seen her he heard her express longings for sketches, robes and other things which now he knew her poverty made unattainable; he would gladly supply them all, in addition to most of his income, if she might become his teacher—his teacher for life. He would willingly study anything under her direction; uninteresting though he thought everything of which she had talked of in the railway carriage, it probably would seem very different if she were to explain it to him. She was an orphan, so there would be no one to demand part of her time and attention. On the other hand, he had not a living relative, so she could not object to him on account of his family. Eight hundred dollars!-and he with nearly a hun-dred times as much! Certainly she could

support her for life in the best hotels in England and the continent, and cross the ocean with her several times a year, always on the fastest steamers that set the best tables and carried most swell people.

"Bridgeley," said he, as a cab deposited the two men in front of a London hotel, "I'd greatly like to meet that Miss Trent again. I suppose you can arrange it?"
"Perhaps I can," said the secretary slowly.
"They are to sail almost immediately,

would marry ber in her own church and

"Manage to delay them, some way," said Callowson, rapidly. "Hire their cabman to be too late—bribe the engineer of the steamer to have something happen—no matter what—I'll pay the damages: money'll do anything. 'Twill be an extra thousand in

your pocket, too."

"Thank you," said Bridgeley, carelessly,
"but that won't be necessary."

"But I want you to show extra interest
in the affair, and I want you to give her a good idea of me. I'm very much interested in her, and I haven't the knack of showing

off for myself." "I'll cheerfully tell her everything good I can think of about you, Mr. Callowson," said Bridgeley, but as he spoke his face, always composed, seemed unusually impassive to his employer, who replied im-

"You must brace up, and lay it on strong. Whatever you think I ought to do to please her, just tell her I'm that very thing. If I'm not, you must make me so right away. Don't look so infernally dumb about it; I'll see that you're well paid for it. What did I hire you for, any-

way?" "Certainly not to lie to a woman, Mr.

"Oh, bosh! Who wants you to lie? Besides, all's fair in love, and I mean only what's fair to her. Do you think it's the right thing for a woman like that to be under the thumbs of a school board, for \$800 a year, while there's a rich young man that's dying to be wrapped around her lit-

"Now, I don't want any more talk about | he had a long life before him." me that I wasn't able to do for myself, I'm not ashamed to own up, between ourselves, that this is one of them. If you won't do it, just say so, and we'll settle and separate. I've let you have your own way about almost everything, but I want my way in this. I've paid you mighty well-two or three times as much as Lord Brewett's secretary gets, or Count Fayarre's either, and if you're getting too big for your place all you've got to do is to say so.

"Don't get mad, now," said Callowson, in a softer tone. "You're a mighty fine fellow, and you've got lots of brains-a hundred times as much as I, and I respect you for it, but I want you to just remember that I've bought your brains and paid for them, and what I've paid for I have a right

"Thank you," replied Bridgeley, between

to use as I like." "I'm very much obliged to you, I'm sure," said Bridgeley, with a pleasant smile, "for reminding me of a great deal that I've been forgetting. I'll do anything I can for you. and do it at once. If Miss Trent and her party can't be detained here, I'll follow them to America, if you like, and sound

your praises all the way over." "There-that sounds something like: I knew you'd do the square thing if you could see it in the right light. And don't forget that you'll be doing the girl herself a good turn."

"She certainly ought to marry money."
assented Bridgeley; "I don't know any
young woman who could use a fortune to better advantage. 'Twill be too bad if she ever has to marry a poor man, and settle down to household cares in a New England village."

"Of course it will; I'm glad you see it as I do. And say—we'll go to a jewelry store to-morrow morning, and buy a handsome something in diamonds for you to give her for me.

"I'm afraid she won't accept a --- " "Yes, she will-don't you be afraid. Just you remember what some fellow put into a play I once saw in our town. I can't remember the name of it, but what the fellow said was this: 'If you want to win a once he found himself wishing that woman play diamonds.' Did any woman something might happen which would every refuse jewelry that I sent her? See here; I'li tell you what'll be better; take her to the shop with you-I'll stay outside: let her admire something and then buy it for her; if she's a bit offish make believe it's from both of us-you and me. That'll be an entering wedge and make things come easier afterward.'

"Don't begin that again. Come in. Get us the two best rooms in the house."

. Bridgeley called on Miss Trent next day. and persuaded her to walk with him to a jeweler's in New Bond street to see some imitations of exquisite Italian antiques. His absence seemed endless to Callowson, who smoked and drank himself into a state of extreme nervousness while awaiting his secretary's return. No sooner did he see Bridgeley's figure in the doorway than he hastened toward it, and, as the two men met, he asked with his eyes and lips:

"What luck!" "The very best."

Bridgeley raised his hat reverently.

"She took It!"

What did I tell you! If you want to ..s-h-h-h."

"If you want to win a woman," whispered Callowson, so earnestly that the combined odors of alsohol and nicotine almost asphyxiated Bridgeley, "play diamonds. I "The finest that could be found,"

"Good! She deserved them. When she is Mrs. Callowson there shall be a diamond on every button of every dress she wears. When can I see het?" "Quickly, if at all," replied Bridgeley, looking at his watch. "You'll have to drive at once to the station, for they are to

start at once for Liverpool to catch the

steamer." "What? You didn't detain them?"
"Do be sensible, Mr. Callowson. I didn't forget you were willing to do anything, but ocean steamers aren't like railway trains in the United States-they don't delay everything a woman should, and nothing that she shouldn't."

"Her education must have cost a great deal camoney," remarked Callowson, after chances are slight that you can get into their railway carriage, but there'll be an hour or so to spare at Liverpool probably."

Callowson tried to think, but succeeded only in fretting; besides, his courage was not equal to the task of inflicting himself upon the party during the confusion incident to the departure of a steamer-and without knowing what he should say. He was slow enough of speech while talking to women whose business it was to help "Going to throw away her brains on a lot | stupid men to feel at ease; he trembled at the thought of trying to converse with a woman like Miss Trent. His brow wrinkled, his lips twitched, and finally he

"Follow them yourself, as you said you would. Cross the ocean with them. If the and he had found one young fellow who train has started, hire a special-never had made some reputation in Parliament mind the cost. Here"-at this he thrust a roll of bank notes into Bridgeley's hand

-"there's nearly five hundred bounds
there. Get right off; cable me as soon as you reach New York-tell me what luck. Bridgeley looked at his watch, hurried to his room, and in five minutes he and his trunk were hurried to the station, Callowson accompanying, and promising the cabby a five-pound note if he reached the train in time—a reward which Jehu sucseeded in earning.

"Hadn't you better come along and speak for yourself?" asked Bridgeley, as Callowson pushed him through the crowd. "A himself than they can be done by another." "No-no" replied the excited fellow. "I and use them; that's what I'm paying you for. Good-bye; be sure to cable full particulars as soon as you land.

And Callowson hurried out of the station. Day after day Bridgeley and Miss Trent paced the deck of the Etruria side by side. The lady was a good sailor: at home she had long been accustomed to dashing about, with her brothers, in the bay on the shore of which was her birthplace; so the long swell of the Atlantic had no terrors for her. Day by day, too, Bridgeley found ways of turning conversation until it found its way back to Callowson. No matter whether Miss Trent recalled the pictures in the Louvre, the skies of Italy, the fjords of Norway, or the cathedrals of England, she found herself led skillfully back to con-sideration of the tall, rather handsome and very silent young man whom Bridgeley had introduced to her in a railway carriage a few days before. One day she exclaimed-

not refuse the price he would offer. He "Fred, I am beginning to fear that your mind is failing. I've heard that an unfail-ing sign of alienation is the being poswould accept her religion, whatever it might be, for he had none of his own. He sessed by a single idea to which all others lead, and I am sure that we've not talked of anything from paradise to poverty. which hasn't led you back to Callowson. You seem literally possessed by the thought of that man.

"I suspect that I am," said Bridgeley, gravely. "He is an unusual character, rich, well-meaning, ambitious, yet too modest to overestimate his own abilities isn't that a rare combination of qualities to contemplate?"

"Yes; I suppose so, if one chooses to study the abnormal, but I find too much that is as it should be, to take special interest in the accidents that life has chanced to impose upon human nature.' "But some accidents have their uses, and

should be respected accordingly. For instance, there's Callowson, he-" "Really, Fred, your mind is going. You can't avoid Callowson, even when your attention is called to your absord absorption

in him. I'm extremely sorry for you, "Thank you, but have the kindness to hear me through. As I was saying, there's Callowson, meanly born, imperfectly edu-cated, without a parent or relative, yet not bad-looking, nor devoted to the vices of his class. He has an enormous income which he does not know how to use, yet which might be made of immense use to the world if it were rightly managed. He never will have sense enough, I fear, to spend his money properly, yet if a good woman were to marry him she would find him and his

money entirely at her disposal.' "I suppose that means that you think some good woman should become his wife. I don't doubt that many could teach him to make good use of his income, but what, my dear friend, would any woman of character do with Callowson himself? Tell mo that? If you cannot, then tell me why any woman should doom herself to a life-long existence with such a man? I know that our sex is self-sacrificing; we women are willing to be missionaries, and even martyrs, but not if the act of martyrdom is to consume a quarter of a century or more—for your Mr. Callowson looks as if

How you do jump at conclusions! Must existence with a man of that kind necessarily be martyrdom? I honestly believe that Callowson would reverence a good woman as he would an angel; he couldn't distinguish between them.'

"Probably not: but no woman wishes to be regarded as an angel, not until she dies. Misapplied affection is as bad as none at all. Won't you be uncomfortable when you marry, if your wife persists in regarding you as a saint? Why, you won't even dare to smoke a cigar or grumble at a badlycooked breakfast, if a woman's eyes persist in seeing a balo around your head. Do forget Callowson and resume your rightful "Then is there no way in which woman-

ly sense and sentiment may take control of that man's seventy-five thousand a year and put it to proper usef I'm not merely curious about it. I assure you; it is a grave social question, for there are many similar "Quite likely; but if you must have an

answer ask some one else. Just at present my heart is too full of happiness to make room for any new social questions." "Would you persist in your determination to marry a certain poor young man of your acquaintance if you knew that Mr. Callowson's heart was at your feet, and that his fortune would be yours in an in-

stant if you would accept it?" "What a question!" murmured Miss Trent, gazing curiously at the questioner. "Very well," said Bridgeley. "You may have from now until we reach New York in which to change your mind, for Callow-

"Fred," earnestly exclaimed Miss Trent, "Won't you, as a special favor to me, please talk about the moon, or the transmigration of souls, or the pigs-in-clover puzzle? Because if you don't"—here she began to draw a glove from her hand-"I'll toss this ring of yours into the ocean,"

For nearly a week Callowson worked terribly hard at the once congenial occupation of killing time. He was not a heartless man, but more than something might happen which would compel the steamer to return to port and bring him some word that would put his heart at ease. Although he well knew the average time of the ocean greyhoundsthis being one of the first bits of knowledge that finds lodgement in vacant heads crossing the Atlantic, he sought earnestly for some one who would bet on the Etruria | than the upholstered sofas of the warebeating her own record, and all others. He vowed to himself that when he returned to America he would buy a newspaper and manage it for the sole purpose of urging the establishment of cable stations in midocean, or at short intervals from

shore to shore. Then he tried to stay his soul by collecting data regarding fine girls who had married beneath themselves for the sake of marrying money, and he got a great deal of cheering information, for each of his boon companions knew of a case or two of the kind; indeed, as one dissolute young fellow shrewdly remarked, "there's nothing but money to attract girls to some chaps who've married well." He learned of hideous old men as well as wild young sewers and were killed by sewer gas. What ones-men who were maimed, halt and do they blind, whose money had secured them wonder?

Callowsons's face as if by magic, and the Trent. Beside, one of his acquaintances, happy man shouted: who had a weakness for French novels, assured him that women sometimes married men merely through pity. Perhaps it was pity that had caused Miss Trent to eye him so strangely yet kindly in the railway carriage: well, he was quite willing to be pitied by her, if it would lead to the consummation of his hopes.

If he was to marry Miss Trent-and he would not allow himself to doubt it-he would not allow himself to doubt it—he felt that he ought to know something of the manners and tastes of good women. Unfortunately, however, none of his acquaintances understood his hints in this direction; it seemed that some of them must have mothers, sisters or wives, but by no chance did Cailowson ever meet with any of these, so, in desperation, he threw himself more earnestly than ever into bad company, so that by comparison Miss Trent might seem more and more worthy and adorable. He came to take positive delight in hearing rude and vulgar langurge from feminine lips, for it showed him the depth of the gulf from which he expected to be lifted by Miss Trent.

So time passed until one day he was informed by a messenger, whom he had kept

formed by a messenger, whom he had kept lying in wait at Lloyd's, that the Etruria had been "sighted" on the American side. Instantly he indited a cable dispatch addressed "Frederic Bridgeley, on steamer Etruria, New York," and asking "What luck?" The answer did not reach him until many hours later, but when it came it made him fairly drunk with delight, for it bore the words, "The very best." "Aha!" he shouted, as he waved the dis-

patch in the air, "money against brains-every time! To think that little saint-I every time! To think that little saint—I wish I knew her first name—to think that even she, with all her knowledge, and style, and sense, came down under the dollar-mark, like everybody else! Well, why shouldn't she? What can brains do without money? It's a fair division—she supplies the brains, I supply the boodle, and we make a team. As for Bridgeley—confound his impudence—I've taught him his place, I guess, though he was man enough to own up before he went over on the to own up before he went over on the to own up before he went over on the steamer. I must take good care of him now, just to show that I don't owe him any grudge; besides, he'll be no end of use to me before everything is settled. I wonder what he's promised her for me? Whatever it is, that's what I'll live up to—there shan't be any fooling, on my part, with that woman. I wonder if he's said that I'll learn Latin and Greek! I ain't forgot how I had to sweat learning enough French to read the Paris papers, but I'll do anything for her sake. I wonder how far it's gone for her sake. I wonder how far it's gonehow much has Bridgeley done, or has she promised? I guess money will and of Then he wrote and dispatched the following cable dispatch: "Cable immediately full particulars about

that luck. Never mind the expense."

Again he waited some hours for a reply, but stayed his soul with the reflection that probably Bridgeley had left the steamer and was being sought at various New York hotels. He repeated the dispatch, to the care of his New York banker, who was also care of his New York banker, who was also the keeper of the secretary's small savings. The reply, which did not reach him until the next afternoon, read as follows:

"Extract from morning paper—Married, at St. Adam's Church, by Rev. Paul Brown, Edith, only daughter of the late Maj. Rowland Trent, and granddaughter of Maj. Gen. Ephraim Trent, U. S. A., to Frederic Bridgeley, son of the late Epaphroditus Bridgeley, D. D., LL.D., no cards."

Although there was plenty of time to spare, Callowson was in ten minutes en

spare, Callowson was in ten minutes en route for Liverpool to catch the next steamer.

Although he drank himself into more than his usual stupidity while crossing the ocean. Callowson was full of energy when he found himself ashore and on the track of his late tutor-secretary. The chase was a long one, for the young man and his brids had planned a quiet honeymoon. Finally, however, at a quiet little hotel in Canada. the two men met face to face, and Callow-son, his face becoming black in an instant, clenched his fists and hissed between his

"You infernal scoundrel!"
"Take that back, you cur," said Bridgeley, without changing countenance, "or
I'll knock you down and have you dragged

to the lock-up after ward."

"You're the one to be jailed," said Callowson, thrown somewhat off his guard by this reply; "to steal my bride—"

"Stop lying," interrupted Bridgeley, with a threatening gesture. "She'd as lief have been bride of the devil."

"You stole my money, too," continued Callowson, who was no coward.

"That's another lie," calming replied

"That's another lie," calmy replied Bridgeley. "If you'll be manly enough to drop your hands a moment I'll show you your banker's receipt for all the money you gave me when I started from London.

"Hang the money!" roared Callowson, after a glance at the bit of paper which Bridgeley produced. "You promised me that you would say and do for me every-thing you could."

"And I kept my word," Bridgeley replied.
"If you doubt me, the lady herself will corroborate my statement, and, Mr. Callowson, if you doubt her word it will be well for you to settle your earthly affairs before saying so. She already was engaged to me when you met her; I would have told you so had you been a gentleman. I was mean enough, curious enough, brave enough to try her by telling her of your infatuation and your wealth, and offering to release her if she preferred to marry money. She called me crazy, and finally forbade me to mention your name again, on penalty of having the ocean swallow our engagement ring—the ring which I bought with my own money the morning I took her, at your suggestion, to

"And this," said Callowson, who had been growing pale, "is the gratitude of men who think they are better born than their neighbors curse their hypocritical

souls. "Excuse me, Mr. Callowson; I gave you service, not gratitude, for your money." "You got money enough to pay for a good deal more than service," said Callowson.
"Certainly a great deal more than service was imposed upon me," the ex-secretary replied, as he began to lose control of his temper. "Do you suppose that any amount of money would compensate a man for being obliged to meet your vulgar companions and you had no others; to listen to their coarse conversation, their vile stories and see them in their dissipations? Mr. Callowson, I am sorry for you, but I must always regard you as the meanest swindler I ever knew. You owe me more than than you ever can pay, but I'll sign off on the single condition that you say good-bye at once.'

Callowson glared furiously, clinched his tists once more, turned his head, saw through the open door a sign reading "Licensed to Sell Spirituous Liquors" and de-parted abruptly in search of the only consolation which seems sufficient unto such characters.

[Copyright.] Taste in House Furnishing. New York Commercial Advertiser.

There is a great difference between a house furnished according to the furnituredealer's idea of what is necessary for use and adornment and one where a man of taste has asserted his own individuality. The only possible reason the modern househoider should be encumbered with suites of furniture, heavy sideboards and the like is that the professional furniture-dealer has a particularly heavy ax to grind. The fashion for stuffed furniture is one of the greatest tyrannies of the age, and besides, the articles being heavy and cumbersome, opportunity is given for the substitution of horse-bair stuffing with wood shavings, sawdust and the like, not to mention the fact that such a stuffing is the best of all breeding-grounds for vermin. A man of taste will get out of upholstery stuffing in bis furniture as far as possible. Rattan furniture is clean, serviceable and artistic, and a settee of this description whose seat is covered with a flat, movable cushion that can in summer be stowed away, if desired, is a much better article rooms. In China, where bamboo furniture is in vogue, some capital sofas are made that furnish models of lightness, simplicity and artistic grace. Book-cases are, as a rule, almost unnecessarily cumbersome in construction. The want of simplicity in bookcases, in most all articles of furniture, is directly due to a tremendous amount of ignorance. In matters of furnishing simplicity is the best of taste, and it is nowhere better expressed than in the furniture and decoration of our homes.

An Ignorant Woman.

Aunt Furby Low (reading) - Here's where do they want with gas in a sewer for, I "That's a remarkably fine lot of people."

"Yes. At least I'm sure sure she will, I bandsome and intelligent wives. Such stories somewhat shook his faith by, of course. Do you think sewers have an an intelligent wives. Such stories somewhat shook his faith by, of course. Do you think sewers have an an intelligent wives. Such stories somewhat shook his faith by, of course. Do you think sewers have an an intelligent wives. Such stories somewhat shook his faith by, of course have an an intelligent wives. Such stories somewhat shook his faith winders in them?

Studebaker Brothers Manufacturing Co.

MICHIGAN AVE,, CHICAGO, ILL.

CARRIAGE & HARNESS BUILDERS

Have now on exhibition the largest stock and greatest variety of Carriages and Harness ever shown in this country.

Intending purchasers are invited to call or write us.

1444444444444

SOME JAY OF ITALY

Some jay of Italy, Whose mother was her painting, bath betrayed him; Poor I am, stale, "a garment out of fashion." -- Shakspeare, in "Cymbeline."

Don't be a "jay," don't wear garments that are "out of fashion." You will find the fashionable weaves at the KAHN TAILORING Co.

SCOTCH STRIPE TROUSERS

Are in great demand, and they make up handsomely.

BEDFORD CORDS and WHIP CORDS

Are special fads. We have in these a great selection of shades and all combinations of mixtures.

MARSEILLES and SILK VESTS

Are to be more popular than ever. We have over 100 patterns in each of these Vestings.

SIX-DOLLAR TROUSERS:

Our lines are complete in choice Stripes and Plaids.

SUITS \$20 and upwards.

No connection with any other house.

KAHN TAILORING CO.

No. 14 East Washington St.



OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

The Gulf of Mexico has risen over one

foot since 1851. A Philadelphia Chinaman glories in pig-tail five feet eleven inches in length. Over 2,000,000 postal cards are necessary to meet the daily demands in this country. In Finland the women consider a kiss on the lips as the greatest insult, even from their own husbands.

An English physician has traced the grip in many cases to infected postage stamps on letters from persons suffering from the

Italian titles are not very expensive.
That of prince costs only \$13,000; that of duke, \$10,000; marquis. \$8,000; count, \$5,000; viscount or baron, \$4,000.

When America is as densely peopled as Europe, this half of the world will have nearly 1,400,000,000-practically the same as that of the whole world at the present time. It is said that in all the forests of the earth there are no two leaves exactly the same. It is also said that amid all peoples of the earth there are no two faces precisely alike.

Some of the African tribes pull their fingers till the joints "crack" as a form of salutation, and one tribe has the curious fashion of showing friendship by standing back to back.

A man-eating shark, eighteen and one-half feet long, with a head as big as a barrel, came ashore on the beach at Tresscott. Me., recently. Its stomach contained a sheep and several dogfish. In Guiana the Indians mix clay with

their bread, and clay-eating, to a certain extent, is indulged in by natives of North Carolina, who are recognized by their pale and swollen countenances. In a discussion lately carried on as to the

distance at which large objects on the earth's surface are visible, it was stated that the Himslaya mountains have appeared to view from the great distance of

J. N. Puckett, of Obion county, Tennessee, it is said, has a mule twenty-nine years old. Notwithstanding his age, he is quite a mule, and his owner is careful never to leave him hitched to a wagon for fear he will run away and get spoiled.

It is suggested that the horses in London

shall be shod with cork, not for the prevention of colds, but because of the adhesive qualities of the material and the diminution of the constant jar, which inevitably results in some disease of the leg. It is believed that the number of exhibitors at the world's fair will be between

150,000 and 175,000. To these mail will be delivered hourly. Mails, sorted on the mail-cars, will be dropped at the grounds from incoming trains wherever possible. An ancient copper mine, which was first worked 1,183 years ago, is about to be reopened at Musashi, Japan. Old Japanese manuscripts of undoubted authenticity

mention this mine. Its galleries and levels

are in some cases just as they were seven hundred years ago. When the river Nile begins to rise, about June 17, flocks of sheep are driven to the river and washed with the aid of a cow's rib. After washing they are exposed to the oun for two or three days, until their wool becomes quite dry. They are then shorn on mats placed on the ground.

The following are a few examples of the rate of pay of women in London: Making paper bags, 4d per one thousand, possible earnings, 5s to 9s per week; button holes, 3d per dozen, possible earnings, 8s per week; shirts, 2d, each worker finding her own cotton; can get six done between 6 A. M. and

The smallest inhabited island in the world is that on which the Eddystone light-house stands. At low water it is thirty feet in diameter; at high water the light-house, whose diameter at the base is twenty-eight and three-fourths feet, completely covers it. It is inhabited by three

More than thirteen thousand members of the Christian Endeavor societies have an-

has been phenomenal, the membership having reached 1,100,000 in the eleven years

The city of London is the smallest of cities, but the most valuable. It has an area of one square mile which produces a rental of \$7,000,000 per annum.

The "superfluous woman" has not wholly abandoned New England, but she is dwindling, so to speak. The aggregate population of the six States increased in the ten years 17.2 per cent., but the number of males increased 355,032, or 18.1 per cent., while the females increased 335,184, or only 16.3 per cent.

The nickel and bronze 1-cent pieces are a legal-tender in sums of 25 cents, and so are the bronze 2-cent pieces and the nickel 3-cent and 5-cent pieces. The silver 5-cent pieces are a legal-tender for \$5, and the 10-cent, 25-cent and 50-cent for \$10, while in the standard dollars the legal-ten-

> HUMOR OF THE DAY. The Dictionary Habit.

New York Weekly. Friend-What queer language your husband uses. He pronounces every word half a dozen different ways. Wife-Yes, he has half a dozen different dictionaries.

Tired of the Load.

Atlas-Did I hear some one say that he wanted the earth? Jupiter-It is quite possible you did. Atlas-Shade of Demagorgon! Who was t? I'm willing to part with it. A Chicago Verb.

Charley Bleecker - By Jove! She's a stunner. Jack Lakefront-Great, isn't she! Charley Bleecker-Unmarried!

Jack Lakefront-Twice. I believe. Too Indefinite. She-Won't you recite us the poem you spoke of writing the other day?

He-Please don't ask me to do it now, because I'm not in the mood, but I will sometime before it is published. She-But that is so indefinite. A Well-Informed Servant.

Kate Field's Washington. Mrs. Gibbs-Look at the dust on those

window draperies, Bridget. I don't believe you have touched them for a month! Bridget-Thet I heven't, men: I wuz afraid o' breakin' 'em. Do yez suppose Oi don't know china silk when Oi see it? Of Course.

Mrs. Simpkins-I see that our new neighbor has bought a handsome umbrella-stand

for her hall.

mediately.

Mr. Simpkins-And now she makes her husband come into the house through the kitchen and leave his umbrella in the sink. A Monopoly. Juno-I want a couple of your strongest winds to raise a storm on the Atlantic im-

Eolus-I am sorry, madam; but all our strongest winds have been in use in Chicago since the world's fair was located

No Capital. New York Weekly. Mr. Grumpps-The Ladies' Journal says a woman should make herself as attractive to her husband after marriage as she did Mrs. Grumpps-Huh! My father always

gave me plenty of money to make myself attractive with. You don't. Usually the Case.

Kate Field's Washington. Mand-I'll tell you in confidence I've been blondine-ing my hair a little lately. I was sure no one would notice it. Imogen—I know of one person you de-

ceived completely. Maud-So you hadn't a suspicion of itt Imogen-Oh, I meant yourself.